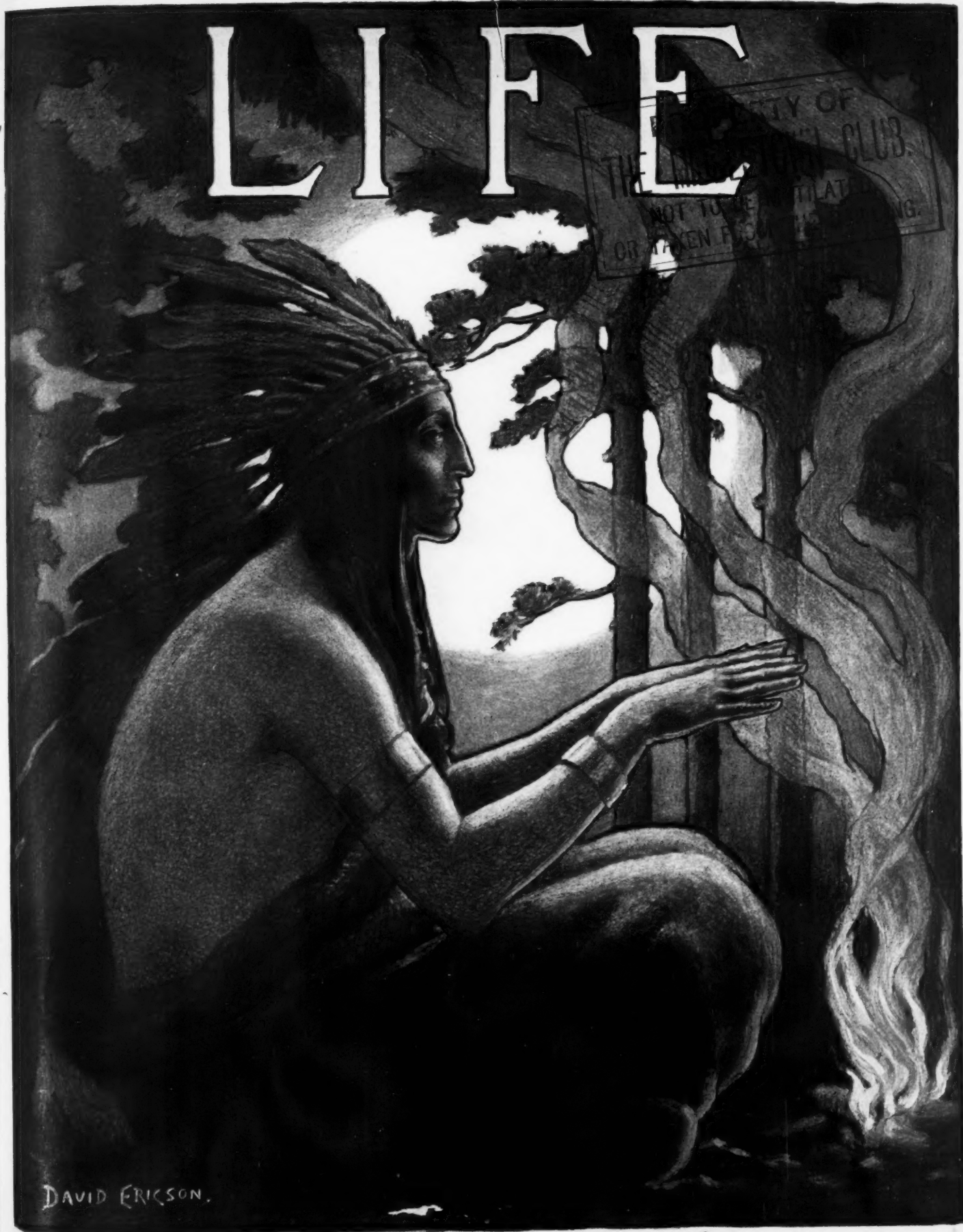


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THE MIDDLE CLUB.
NOT TO BE
OR TAKEN FROM THE CLUB.

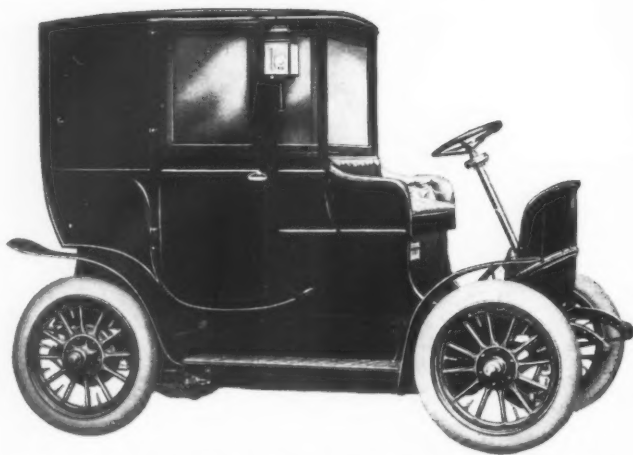


DAVID ERICSON.

IS.

A NEW

Columbia

ELECTRIC
BROUGHAM

THE illustration shows the new model Columbia Electric Brougham, Mark LXVIII. It is much lighter than any electric Brougham previously made admitting the use of resilient pneumatic tires.

The maximum speed is 18 miles an hour.

There are many important improvements.

Five speeds forward; three reverse, give flexibility of operation.

Its appointments are correct; its conveniences of travel "de luxe" throughout.

This vehicle is made for private use only, and is designed to succeed previous Columbia Electric Broughams, which have been favorite TOWN vehicles of people who have and demand the best of everything in New York, London, Paris and other large cities.

To same chassis are supplied Landaulet, Victoria and Hansom bodies.

To secure early delivery orders should be placed now.

No less distinctive and preferable among electric vehicles are the lighter Columbias—Surreys, Victoria-Phaetons and Runabouts.

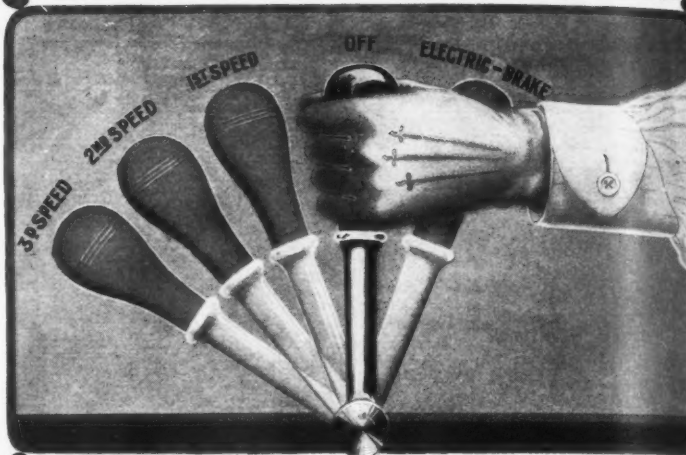
All Columbia Electric Carriages are equipped with Exide Batteries, the only thoroughly efficient and practical vehicle batteries developed to date.

Electric Carriage Catalogue on request; also separate catalogues of Columbia Electric Commercial Vehicles and Columbia Gasoline Cars.

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Paris: A. Bianchi, 194 Boulevard Malesherbes.
Member Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers.

ONE HAND CONTROLS

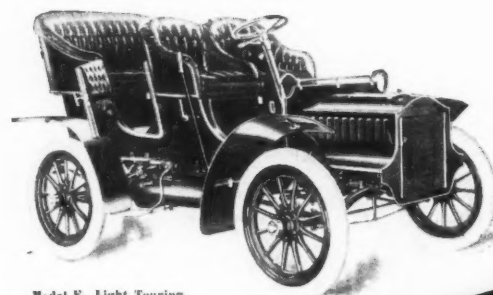


Is it any exaggeration to say that one-half the happiness of motoring is the ability to jump in and start away without a second's delay? That principle is perfectly embodied in the ever-ready

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ELECTRIC

One hand absolutely controls! First speed, second speed, third speed or stop—all you've got to do is to manipulate the lever. No fussing, no cranking, no annoyance, no delay—just a perfectly obedient machine waiting for the touch of your hand. Model 136, herewith illustrated, price, \$900, with top \$950. We make 15 distinct models, at prices ranging from \$850 to \$2,250—Runabouts, Stanhopes, Surreys, Chelseas, Physician's Road, Station and Delivery Wagons. We build Electric Trucks on specifications.

Be sure the Name "Pope" is on Your Automobile.
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Model F. Light Touring Car, \$950, f, o, b, Detroit

CADILLAC

A stock Cadillac, after two years of exacting service, was maintained during twelve months of continual usage at a total repair cost of \$24.85. Is it any wonder that the Cadillac is known as the "Car of Economy?"

Runabout, \$750; Model C, Detachable Tonneau, \$850;
Light Touring Car, \$950; Four Cylinder Car, \$2,800;
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Write for Catalogue B, and address of nearest dealer, where you may see and try a Cadillac.

CADILLAC AUTOMOBILE CO.

Detroit, Mich.

Member A. L. A. M.

IF YOU ARE GOING OUT INTO SOCIETY this season, there is a book just published which we are sure you will find interesting. Pray do not let this suggest to you some banal and philistine manual of deportment, for "THE COUNSELS OF A WORLDLY GODMOTHER" by Mrs. Persis Mather (the book we have in mind) is far from being that. It consists rather of a series of sprightly letters dealing with the daily round of modern society life, social success, the value of ancestors, the folly of Bridge, the fad of philanthropy, the art of conversation, snobbishness, vulgarity, the subject of marriage and divorce, and all the incidentals of worldly life, as known in what are generally termed the "inner circles."

Mrs. Mather is thoroughly amusing and her warnings to her young goddaughter are illustrated with stories which may possibly remind the reader of actual occurrences in certain quarters.

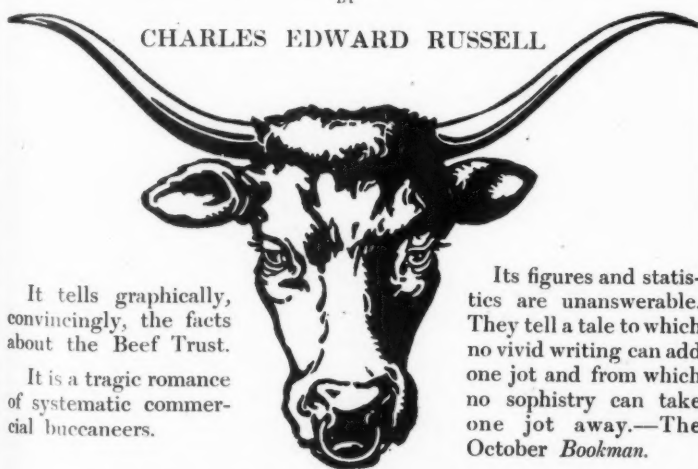
To mothers and débutantes these letters will be of very decided interest, and fathers and brothers will find many home truths in the keen thrusts at "mere man;" so that the book will doubtless create much pleasant discussion. You will find "THE COUNSELS OF A WORLDLY GODMOTHER" (Houghton, Mifflin and Company) at your bookseller's among the latest fiction, at the usual price.

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It tells graphically, convincingly, the facts about the Beef Trust.

It is a tragic romance of systematic commercial buccaneers.

Its figures and statistics are unanswerable. They tell a tale to which no vivid writing can add one jot and from which no sophistry can take one jot away.—The October *Bookman*.

It is a history of the real conditions existing in the American business world of to-day, considered calmly, dispassionately, yet throbbing with fascinating interest. It is the work of a careful investigator who as a writer has few if any equals in his mastery of pure, picturesque, forceful English.

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This Superb Drawing Free

An artistic fac-simile of Otto Schneider's famous portrait of an American girl, done in red chalk, size 12½ x 18 inches, ready for framing, will be sent to any address **Free of Cost** upon receipt of a year's subscription to The Metropolitan Magazine at \$1.80. You will receive the magazine for one year and the picture will be forwarded to you, charges prepaid, all for \$1.80. Address the

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Medium Hard

Water Cracker

is as necessary as a good appetite for the beginning

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In form and finish
Youngmans Hats are the
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EMIGH & STRAUB—Dept C.C. TROY, N.Y.

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free from grit and acid. Prevents accumulation of tartar. Will not injure the enamel of the teeth. Ask your dentist.

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Pat. Dec. 5, 1899.

CORRECTS FAULTS OF THE FIGURE

Perfect Supporter with dress or negligee.

Approved by leading physicians, Endorsed by physical culturists, Preferred by ladies of fashion.

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Edge Web	...	50
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At all dealers, or of Agts. for U.S.

Arthur Frankenstein & Co.

514 & 516 Broadway, New York.

FREE with mail orders, a large etching of the "Foster Girl."

"The Name is on the Buckle."



A Woman's Query.

AT your lady-love's domain, as you stand with meek submission and occasionally mutter, "It is getting very late," the simple maiden, smiling, all the precious time beguiling, will at last descend to utter, "Is my hat on straight?"

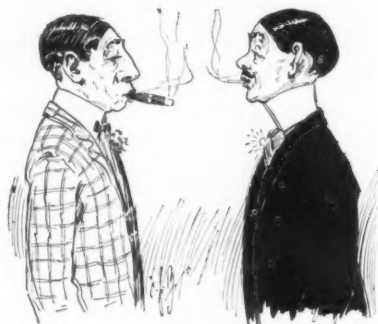
When the deep blue-blooded maiden, with her lofty mind o'erladen by a pedigree that's dated from Plantagenet's direct, trips to greet you while you're waiting, she will stagger you by stating in a voice well modulated, "Is my bonnet quite correct?"

When the summer girl is ready she will look at you quite steady, and with scarcely any heeding how the minutes take their flight, with a beautiful persistence which admits of no resistance, she inquires in accents pleading, "Is my sun-hat on all right?"

But the pince-nez girl smiles sweetly as she floors the rest completely, and you're filled with consternation when you hear her gently say, as she makes a few more passes, and she readjusts her glasses, "Is my upper decoration horizontally *au fait*?"—Tit-Bits.

Out at Interest.


FRANCIS BAYLISS, a historian of note, says the *Boston Herald*, on returning from meeting one Thanksgiving Day, met Nicholas Tillinghast, one of the most humorous and eloquent of the members of the Bristol County bar, in the sitting-room at Atwood's Hotel. In the course of the conversation which ensued Mr. Bayliss said to Mr. Tillinghast: "I have deposited a 10-cent piece in the contribution box, to be placed on interest until I reach heaven." Mr. Tillinghast replied: "Ah, yes! That will amount to a very large sum."



"SO YOU CAN'T SEE ANY WAY OF GETTING OUT OF THE ENGAGEMENT HONORABLY?"

"NOT UNLESS I CAN LICK FIVE BROTHERS, ALL BIGGER THAN I AM."

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are for halls, dens, porches and special places. They are made by hand, and some have horn lights. \$10.00 and upward.

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John Duncan's Sons, Agents, New York.

The Ignorant Repeater.

IN discussing at a dinner the voting frauds of Philadelphia, J. G. Gordon, the Mayor's counsel, told a story of a repeater.

"He was an ignorant chap, this repeater," said Judge Gordon. "He had the stolid and unmoved look of an animal.

"When they arrested him he asked what crime lay at his door.

"'You are charged,' said the policeman, 'with having voted twice.'

"'Charged, am I?' muttered the prisoner. 'That's odd. I expected to be paid for it.'"—*New York Tribune*.

Wanted—A Servant.

GOOD servants are much in demand in Washington as well as in other cities. Mrs. R. had searched long and vainly for a fairly good general servant, a colored one, and at last in despair she stopped an elderly colored woman who looked as if she might have been one of the ante-bellum house servants, and therefore a reliable one, and made known her wants.

"I want a girl who is trusty and a good cook. I am willing to put out most of our laundry work and to give fair wages, but so far I haven't been able to engage one," said Mrs. R. "Don't you know of someone whom I can get?"

"'Deed, no, lady, I don't," was the answer. "Oh, dear," sighed Mrs. R., "what shall I do?"

"I dunno fuh shaw, lady, less'n you does as I has to—hire a white woman."—*September Lippincott's*.

THE chauffeur who always tells the court how slowly he was running his machine when he was arrested for going about forty miles an hour met his match at a municipal court at Norwich, Conn. The chauffeur swore that at the time of his arrest the machine was not traveling faster than three miles an hour.

"Very well," replied the judge, calmly. But, rather than be beaten by the accused, he said: "I then charge you with obstructing the traffic."—*New York Tribune*.

Disparagement.

"DO you mean to tell me you offered that played out ward heeler a thousand dollars for his influence?" asked Senator Sorghum.

"Yes," said the willing but inexperienced worker. "I was afraid you would call it political corruption."

"My friend, that isn't political corruption. That's frenzied finance."—*Washington Star*.

Rebuked.

"FATHER," said a boy of twelve, "can you tell me who Shylock was?"

"What!" exclaimed the father in an aggrieved tone, "have I sent you to Sunday school for the past six or seven years only to have you ask me who Shylock was? Shame on you, boy! Get your Bible and find out at once!"—*September Lippincott's*.

Fall and Winter Styles

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New kid gloves weekly from our factory, Grenoble, France. \$1.00, 1.50 the pair. 31 years on Broadway.

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A CANDY, originated in YORKSHIRE, England. Made from pure butter, cream and sugar, and other good things. The purest candy made. Not a butter-scotch, or a chewing candy—but a delicious old English sweetmeat, that every one will enjoy.

You break off a piece and let it dissolve in the mouth, and I tell you, you'll find it more-ish—the more you eat of it, the more you will want.

Ask your dealer to supply you. See that my name and face are on every package, or send me 10 cents for a trial package.

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Your Favorite Odor THROUGHOUT YOUR TOILET ACCESSORIES



THE famous perfumes of Maison Violet (pronounced Ve-o-lay) of Paris, held highest by the most discriminating critics for their original, lasting, dainty and subtle qualities may be had in Extract, Toilet Water, Sachet, Powder and Soap. The wide range of odors in these famous creations enables you to select just the scent that most appeals to you. You can then duplicate it in all your toilet accessories.

Maison Violet

(Ve-o-lay) products are distinguished by their dainty, attractive packages. The case holding the entire set is an exquisite product of superior French workmanship, and makes an ideal center-piece for the toilet table. Good taste and good judgment could suggest no more acceptable Christmas gift.

To facilitate your selection, we will send postpaid, sample vials of these fascinating odors:

Princiale, 25c	Bouquet Farnese, 25c
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Cytise, 10c	Brise de Violette, 25c

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The Violet preparations are to be had in those shops controlling the best patronage.

Farnese Face Food, a Real Beautifier

is wholly different from the many face-creams so commonly sold and a most satisfactory substitute for them. It is a clear, delicately fragrant, liquid lotion. It is instantly absorbed by the skin and leaves no oiliness upon the surface. Its action is just as instantaneous. It removes wrinkles, sallowness and surface blemishes, and by feeding freely the deeper tissues makes firm, plump flesh on face, arms, neck and bust. Each cooling, refreshing application leaves the skin soft, transparent, and glowing. It is convenient, and keeps itself neat in its handsome bottle. Positively not injurious. Price, \$1.50, postpaid.

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Look for this trade-mark. It identifies Violet's products and highest quality.



The Tale of a Hand.

"NOW what shall the limit be?" I said,
When ante had gone away.
"You're doing the calling"—she bent her head—
"So you are the one to say."

"No limit," I cried, "if you'll stay in."
She answered, "I will, you bet."
I dealt, as she added, "I hope I win,
O, tell me, what did you get?"

"Just one more I need to make a pair."
"So do I," said she, "a knave."
"A queen for mine," said I, and there
A royal flush she gave.

"I'll open," said I, "if you don't mind."
She lifted her lips and cried,
"I raise you one!" I had three of a kind,
So we laid the cards aside.

"Were you bluffing?" she asked. "You were so abrupt."

Said I, "Don't you understand
That I feared a full house might interrupt,
And I wanted to win a hand?"

—Harvard Lampoon.



"SAY, SIS, I WAS PEEKIN' LAST NIGHT AND I KNOW HOW TER MAKE LOVE. ALL YOU HAVE TER DO IS TER HOLD HANDS AND LIE TER EACH OTHER."

An Unsafe Topic.

BISHOP AMES tells a story of a slave master in Missouri in the olden time of negro vassalage, who said to his chattel:

"Pompey, I hear you are a great preacher."
"Yes, Massa, de Lord do help me powerful sometimes."

"Well, Pompey, don't you think the negroes steal little things on the plantation?"

"I'se mighty 'f aid they do, Massa."

"Then, Pompey, I want you to preach a sermon to the negroes about stealing."

After a brief reflection, Pompey replied:
"You see, Massa, dat wouldn't never do, cause 'twould trow such a col'ness over de meeting."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

NESTOR

(NESTOR GIANACLIS, CAIRO)

CIGARETTES

TO BE MADE IN AMERICA

The famous "Nestor" Gianaclis Cigarette, which has been acknowledged the leader of Egyptian Cigarettes the world over, will, from next month, be made in Boston.

Mr. Nestor Gianaclis, himself, has arrived in that city from Cairo.

A factory has been engaged containing 30,000 square feet of floor space.

There has already arrived undoubtedly one of the largest single shipments of Turkish Tobacco that has ever come to America. This consists of more than 1,000 bales imported direct from Cavalla.

This is the point where Mr. Nestor Gianaclis stores, and from which he ships, all of his high-grade Turkish Tobaccos to his factory in Cairo, Egypt.

Mr. Gianaclis, himself, will examine every bale of this tobacco, and give his expert attention to the grading, blending and manufacture of it.

Smokers of Egyptian Cigarettes who want the genuine article, and to whom the word "Nestor" has always been synonymous with the best that there is in the cigarette line, will now be enabled to have the opportunity of buying genuine "Nestors" exactly as they have always been made in Cairo, Egypt, at 25 cents a package, instead of the old price of 40 or 45 cents, which made this most desirable cigarette almost prohibitive to many smokers.

Nestor Gianaclis Co. . . . Boston, Mass.

Notice to Joke Makers.

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Put up in collapsible Tubes

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Put up in Cans convenient for Tourists

Elixir Balm

A delightful Mouth Wash

Used by the Elite of the
World Since 1850.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

Fair Play.

A GROUP of drummers were trading yarns on the subject of hospitality, when one, a little Virginian with a humorous eye and a delightful drawl, took up his parable thus.

"I was down in Louisiana last month travellin' 'cross country with S. J. Carey (the same being Stonewall Jackson C. at your service) when we kinder got lost in a mighty lonesome sort of road just about dark. We rode along a right good piece after sundown, and when we saw a light ahead, I tell you it looked first-rate. We drove up to the light, findin' 'twas a house, and when I hollered like a lost calf the man came out and we asked him to take us in for the night. He looked at us mighty hard, then said, 'Wall, I reckon I kin stand it if you kin.' So we unhitched, went in, and found 'twas only a two-room shanty and just swarmin' with children. He had six, from four to eleven years old, and as there didn't seem to be but one bed, me an' Stony was wonderin' what in thunder would become of us.

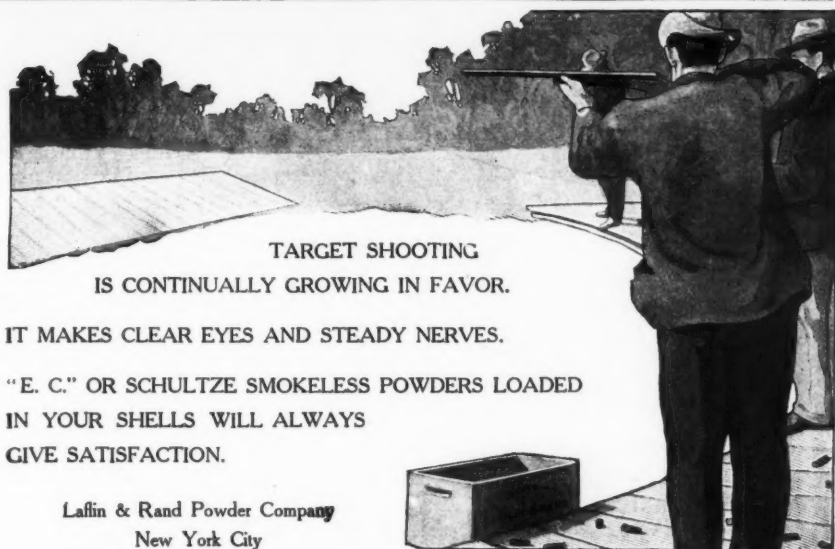
"They gave us supper, good hog and hominy, the best they had, and then the old woman put the two youngest kids to bed. They went straight to sleep. Then she took those out, laid them over in the corner, put the next two to bed, and so on. After all the children were asleep on the floor, the old folks went in the other room and told us we could go to bed if we wanted to, and, bein' powerful tired out, we did.

"Well, sir, the next morning when we woke up we were lying over in the corner with the kids, and the old man and the old woman had the bed!"—*September Lippincott's.*

D R. WILLIAM OSLER recently recited a quaint old cure for gout: "First, pick a handkerchief from the pocket of a spinster who never wished to wed; second, wash the handkerchief in an honest miller's pond; third, dry it on the hedge of a person who never was covetous; fourth, send it to the shop of a physician who never killed a patient; fifth, mark it with a lawyer's ink who never cheated a client, and, sixth, apply it, hot, to the gout tormented part. A speedy cure must follow."—*New York Tribune.*

A CANADIAN farmer, noted for his absent-mindedness, went to town one day and transacted his business with the utmost precision. He started back on his way home, however, with the firm conviction that he had forgotten something—what it was he could not recall, try how he would. As he neared home the conviction increased, and three times he stopped his horse and went carefully through his pocketbook in a vain endeavor to discover what he had forgotten. In due course he reached home, and was met by his daughter, who looked at him in surprise, and exclaimed, "Why, father, where have you left mother?"—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

A NICKNAME after forty is a proof of character.—*Home and Abroad.*



TARGET SHOOTING
IS CONTINUALLY GROWING IN FAVOR.

IT MAKES CLEAR EYES AND STEADY NERVES.

"E. C." OR SCHULTZE SMOKELESS POWDERS LOADED
IN YOUR SHELLS WILL ALWAYS
GIVE SATISFACTION.

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For sale where the best is sold.
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Who never smoked before,
And those who always smoked
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When you buy a horse, you want to know exactly what you are getting. You want honest, straightforward, dependable expert advice.

That is exactly what I give, and it is why I guarantee every horse I sell to be exactly as represented. I tell the truth about the horse and back my judgment with a "Money-back-if-you-want-it" argument.

The seal-brown saddle horse here shown goes all the high school gaits and is broken to harness. He is perfectly sound and possessed of the best of manners. Requires no skill to make him go the various gaits. Very handsome and a really high class fellow.

Tell me the kind of a horse you want, and let me describe in detail what I can give you and explain exactly how we can do business together.

Best of commercial or bank references furnished.

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"Nothing Beyond!"

— said the ancient mariner driving his craft to the verge of the world, under the shadow of Gibraltar, one of the "Pillars of Hercules." But there came a race that knew better.

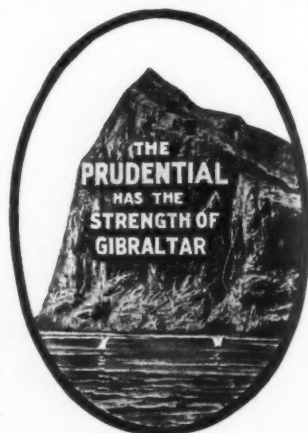
"Nothing Beyond!"

Nothing saved for the wife or children, nothing to protect them from want when the bread winner goes — that was the sad, old story

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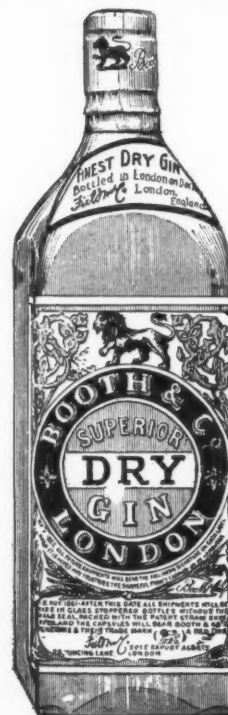
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LIFE

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P. S.

Revised.

IN Salt Lake City Cupid writes—
That he who reads may run—
“Ten souls with but a single thought,
Twelve hearts that beat as one.”

Professionalism.



DOESN'T the elimination of professionalism from football exact a pretty high consecration of students, relatively speaking? Professors are not ashamed to go where they are paid

the most. Is football to be put on a higher plane than teaching?

Professionalism, in its evil aspect, consists in doing some fine thing for the money there is in it, whereby the fineness of it suffers. Our life is widely tainted with it, if taint there be. Even the clergy, whose work is finest of all, are not free from it. There was, not long ago, a famous and much praised divine whose loud and constant boast it was that he could earn a thousand dollars a day in the ministry of Christ.

Where a man has a talent, it is quite

the modern doctrine that he should make it pay, in dollars and cents. If lucre be indeed filthy, at least we are all daubed with the same stick. Singling out football looks very like straining at the gnat while making nothing of the deglutition of the camel.

Wonderful!

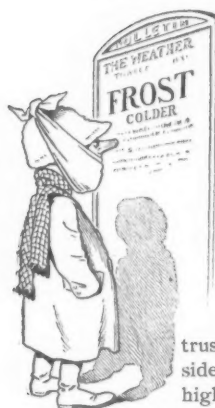
DASHAWAY: Do you love that girl as much as you think you do?

CLEVERTON: Why, old man, I love her almost as much as she thinks I do.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XLVI. OCT. 19, 1905. No. 1199.
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BISHOP POTTER has been criticised for discouraging the resolution offered at the Diocesan Convention in New York by the Rev. Mr. Chew, of Newburg. Mr. Chew resolved in excellent language that the convention had read in the papers that some well-thought-of men had been tampering with trust funds, and that it considered "that no talent for high finance, no useful service to the community, no benefaction to the church or to objects of philanthropy, can excuse or atone for dereliction in trust, contempt for the rights of others, or disregard for the rules of common honesty." Bishop Potter said, "Let us not pass judgment until a final judgment is rendered by those who are investigating." The resolutions, not being seconded, were dropped, and Mr. Chew walked out of the convention. Later, Dr. Huntington, of Grace Church, wrote a letter for publication, saying that if he had been present he would have seconded Mr. Chew's resolutions, with which he found himself in entire sympathy.

The resolutions were all right in themselves, good sense and good morals being expressed in them, but the particular virtues which they enumerated as insufficient to excuse dishonesty are so conspicuously the ones that are characteristic of the most eminent Episcopal layman of this diocese, that the resolutions, if passed, would have been generally understood as a rebuke to that gentleman. Bishop Potter did well to block them. For our part, we should be very loath to heave a brick of that size in his direction unless it was distinctly labeled not for him.

Our neighbor, the *Post*, a journal owned by the estate of Henry Villard, derides Bishop Potter's delicate con-

sideration for financiers with much vivacity. The *Post* is a great arbiter of morals, and as for Dr. Huntington, he is one of the ablest ministers in town, and the baby-show in front of his residence on Broadway on pleasant mornings is one of the most charming sights the city affords. He is justly respected. Mr. Chew could not have a better backer than Dr. Huntington. Nevertheless, to our mind Bishop Potter was right. These are grand times for morals, but there is, perhaps, just a trifle too much miscellaneous readiness to accuse. At any rate, there are many fitter places to let drive ambiguous shafts at financiers who serve the community and benefact the church than the convention of the Episcopal diocese of New York.



"**V**ERY few individual Americans have the influence of individual Englishmen," says the *London Sphere*. It will read almost as true if you turn it around and say: "Very few individual Englishmen have the influence of individual Americans." Brother Bryan, for example, is very influential; both ways. A considerable body of the American community is disposed to be guided by his opinions, and a somewhat larger body is heartily disposed to consider that any course he advocates is good to beat. It is very much so with Brother Hearst, except that as yet he scares more people than Brother Bryan and attracts fewer. President Roosevelt's influence, largely personal, is enormous; the biggest one we have, and probably more potent than that of any living Englishman. Mr. Cleveland is very greatly respected, and his opinion on some subjects carries great weight with a good many people at certain junctures. He has an important emergency influence, but his scope is nothing like as comprehensive as President Roosevelt's. People care more for what Colonel Roosevelt thinks about bears and babies and Cromwell and the Roman emperors, and the best way to make a bed or a pie, and the stork and the simple life, and Charles XII. and Booker Washington,

and Columbus, than they do for what Mr. Cleveland thinks about fishing or women's clubs. But some of them would care for Mr. Cleveland's opinion on Government control of railroad rates if he would tell it.



GOVERNOR FOLK has influence; so has President Eliot; and of course a great many people have much influence in their own community, besides many others that have it in the subtle form that we know as "pull." Yet, on the whole, the *Sphere* is probably right in suggesting that individual influence is a greater factor in the English civilization than in ours. We are more nearly on a level here, and we possess very imperfectly the gift of looking up to any one. Perhaps, if we looked up more, we would find more men worthy of being looked up to, but as to that, who can say? Our opinions come to us chiefly in print. Only one profoundly influential individual sticks out at present in American life. We need very much at least one more in politics. It is too much to expect of any one political leader to be at one time the head of the party in power and the hope of the opposition.



THE life insurance companies are getting on no better with the investigators. The old impression about them was that they were a more or less legitimate soft snap for the men who controlled them. The new conviction is that their business is the conscientious husbanding of the savings of the thrifty. Measured up to the new standard most of the higher officers of the leading New York companies make a mortifying appearance on the witness stand. We do not see any prospect that they will be able to dissipate the impression that they have been somewhat overzealous in self-enrichment. Painful as the work is, it is timely and useful.

Old Mother Hubbard.

From First to Last.

BY MOSES.

AND all the generations of Mother Hubbard were these : Bluebeard begat Cinderella, and Cinderella begat Puss-in-Boots, and Puss-in-Boots begat Beauty-and-the-Beast, and Beauty-and-the-Beast begat Mother Goose, and Mother Goose begat Mother Hubbard.

And it came to pass that when she was full of years, a certain dog came to her and pressed his nose against her hand, and her bosom was stirred, and she loved him.

In the first month, that is the month Nisan, Mother Hubbard moved from one flat to another, there being within it a certain cupboard, which pleased her sight.

Now it happened on a time that she went to the cupboard to get her poor dog a bone.

And the dog was gathered together on the outside waiting for something to happen.

Then Mother Hubbard went in, and lingered awhile.

And the dog, who wist not what she was doing, barked as became him and as was his wont. And Mother Hubbard wist well what he wanted, but nevertheless came out empty-handed. This was on the seventh day, and the cupboard was bare.

And so her poor dog got none.

BY GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

WHAN that old Mouter Hubbard wenden her waye
Ginglen her cupboard Keye al on a daye
To gette her poore dogge a fresshe bonne,
How could she dreame or thinke there was nonne ?
Yette wringen al her fingres in despaire
She didde, al payned to finde the cupboard barre.

BY EDMUND SPENSER.

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD, her whose moniment
Sits on the hill, all carven out of stone,
One silken day unto her cupboard went
To get her waiting dogge a wanton bone.
How shall frail pen describe her, all alone,
Nor show her hap who rashly tore her hair
To find the semblance of a bone was none ?
In her fair eyes two living lamps did flare
When she found out the cupboard—it was bare.

BY JOHN MILTON.

MEANWHILE, Old Mother Hubbard, her thoughts inflamed
Of highest intent, puts on fleet steps and towards the cupboard
door
Explores her solitary flight. Sometimes she skirts the hall,
Sometimes the den. As when far off at sea a fleet descrie
Sails on for some far famed restaurant,
So now Old Mother Hubbard held her way
To get her dog a bone.
The cupboard reached, she put her hand inside,
Pursued her groping way with fond design ;
But all in vain, for not within the dim
And shadowy shelf was there the hoped-for bone.
The while the dog deep bayed the cupboard—bare !



Mr. Turtle: GEE! I'LL HAVE TO GIVE IT UP. EVERY TIME I TRY
TO KISS HER SHE DRAWS IN HER HEAD.

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

MOST gracious lords, the woman's tale I tell
Abounds in wisdom for the age of man.
Little doth it become me to speak out
Since Bernard Shaw put me where I belong—
And yet what monstrous crime 'twould be to fail
To give to Mother Hubbard all her due.
'Twas on the ides of March, or thereabouts,
When blustering was the wind (or maybe not),
She hastened to the cupboard, with her thoughts
Full bourne upon the bone she strove to get.
"How now!" cried Mother Hubbard, as she felt
Amid the pots that cluttered up the shelves.
Aye, marry and forsooth, 'twas even so:
The cupboard bare betrayéd not a bone—
The dog who followed her got nary one.

BY THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

WHOEVER wishes to be well acquainted with the
history of the Anglo-Saxon race, whoever wishes to
be well acquainted with the folk-lore of the Anglo-Saxon
race, whoever wishes to be well acquainted with the tra-
ditions of the Anglo-Saxon race, whoever wishes to sound to
its depths the poetic feeling of the Anglo-Saxon race, must
read the tale of Mother Hubbard. This tale, in all its
nudity, now lies before us. We shall, later on, refer to the



"THE FLYING DUTCHMAN."

editor of this work, and point out some few discrepancies in his chronology, point out some few defects in his style, point out some few defects in his knowledge of history. At present we shall confine ourselves to Mother Hubbard.

We may not hope to do the fullest justice to this story. But we assert, and we assert it with all the strength that is in us, that Mother Hubbard alone is the heroine. The editor seems to believe, and we are entirely willing that he should believe, that the dog was the hero. It is sufficient for us, however, to point out a fact that every schoolboy knows. We affirm that Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard to get her poor dog a bone. But when she got to the cupboard she discovered that it was bare, and so her poor dog got no bone. This is the story. No one dares to contradict it.

BY ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD, her feet in languid luxuriance lingering,
 Yearned for the succulent softness sweet on the bone she wished to be fingering;
 All her exuberant tresses clinging in a wan rhapsody flowing—
 So, toward the cupboard, straight through the hallway, set both her feetlets a-going.
 Pale was her face, O much paler than moonlight a-streaming
 Full on the bank with its redolent roses at rest!
 Fluttering heart, hands dilated, could she, O, could she, be dreaming?
 Bare in its horrible hauteur, the cupboard did not stand the test!
 And now, like the clouds of the purple night, all of them lowering,
 There dwells 'round the dog the gloom of the battle unwon.
 Thine eyes may be tender, but deep are the looks all a-glowing,
 Thou famished beast, thy succulent nourishment—none!

BY W. D. HOWELLS.

MRS. HUBBARD closed the door decisively, yet there was also about her action a subtle gentleness, for she felt that the dog's eyes were fastened upon her, and in that fine alchemy of thought-transmission which we feel inherently at times, she divined almost instantly that the dog wanted a bone.

It was natural for her to reflect upon her cupboard, whose shelves contained nothing but the latest editions of the *Tribune*, although she had reason to believe that on one of them, on a plate which had been handed down to her

from her great-grandfather, covered with faint blue spots and nicked in eight places on the left edge (counting from the windmill), there was a bone left over from the last dinner she had given to her deceased brother's last wife. She went and looked, the dog following. But as she returned from the cupboard his tail instinctively drooped. He knew it was no use. The bone was not there. Turning away, he was soon lost to sight in the garbage pail next door—the one on the right, two hundred and eighty-seven feet away.

BY LAURA JEAN LIBBY.

A CRY rang out on the sunlit air.

Pearl Habbertomtom shuddered, on her way home from the factory, and her face blanched with fear.

Old Mother Hubbard's dog might have gone and been loose for some time, and Harold Heavyweight, hero,



A CONTRAST IN BOSTON.
 THE SHADE AND THE SHADY.

nowhere in sight. Then she drew herself up with the air of a queen.

"Never," she exclaimed, "shall I permit my pure patrician blood to grow cold! Have I lived in a Harlem flat all winter for naught?"

But even as she spoke, she tiptoed to the window of Old Mother Hubbard's four-hundred-thousand-dollar cottage, given to her by Henry Lifter, king of the grafters, and the sight she saw made her shake like an aspen leaf, or even two.

Mother Hubbard had just been to the cupboard, and was returning empty-handed.

Her dog was the fiercest one in the neighborhood. He had just returned from a private sanitarium, pronounced incurable. Pearl well knew that if he got out, all would be over. Transfixed with terror, she waited.

There was no bone for the dog, whose cruel, ugly, hellish fangs snapped ever and anon.

Suddenly Mother Hubbard started toward the front door.

"Harold," murmured Pearl, "where art thou?"

Then, as the door swung open, she felt a hot, fetid breath on her strangely beautiful face.

"I should have went before," she murmured, as she sank back in the arms of her savior, who, unbeknownst to her, had been fixing the plumbing in the laundry, and now spring, sprang, sprung to her rescue!

BY BERNARD SHAW.

PREFACE.

I COULD explain myself if I would, but it is better to have the world disbelieve in me. The playgoers flock to my plays because they dislike me so, and think I am funny when I am simply untrue to myself. Let it be so. There is money in it. To me there is nothing more tragic in life than the humorous, nothing more humorous than the tragic. Here's another.

ACT I.

An English home. Horrible furniture, horrible bric-à-brac, horrible books, horrible pictures, horrible everything. In one end of the room is a door. Beyond the door is a cupboard. It is half open, and contains a secret. This secret is known only to one of the two persons occupying the room: a noble dog, and a woman—the unpleasantest work of God. On the whole, it is an extremely nauseating group, only the dog relieving the situation. He is, as usual, half famished. The woman waits her opportunity.

THE DOG (*looking pathetically up to her*): I am very hungry.

THE WOMAN (*alias Mother Hubbard, smiling kindly, keeping herself well in hand*): Well, dearie, you shall have enough—your fill for once. What say you to a tenderloin of beef, garnished with vegetables? To a tender fowl, basted to the point of rapture? To a nice dish of lump sugar, topping off with a delightful shin-bone?

THE DOG (*his mouth watering at the thought*): Ah! You are too good! Can it be that you have all this in mind for me?

THE WOMAN (*playing with his feelings, and gloating over him*): And more! Do I not hate thee enough to love thee well? Am I not a woman, and therefore to be believed? Wait. In—yon—cupboard—

THE DOG (*frantic with joy, his tail vibrant*): Is what?

THE WOMAN (*her eyes feasting on his expression, as she goes to the cupboard and swiftly returns, thrilling him with a look*): Nothing!

THE DOG: Fiend!

THE WOMAN: Fudge!

(CURTAIN.)

Tom Masson.

Ancient.

THE KITTEN: Do we come from an old family, mother?

MOTHER PUSSY: Yes, indeed, my child! Why, your great-grandfather was in the Spanish war, and just before he fell he exclaimed, "I regret that I have only nine lives to give to my country."



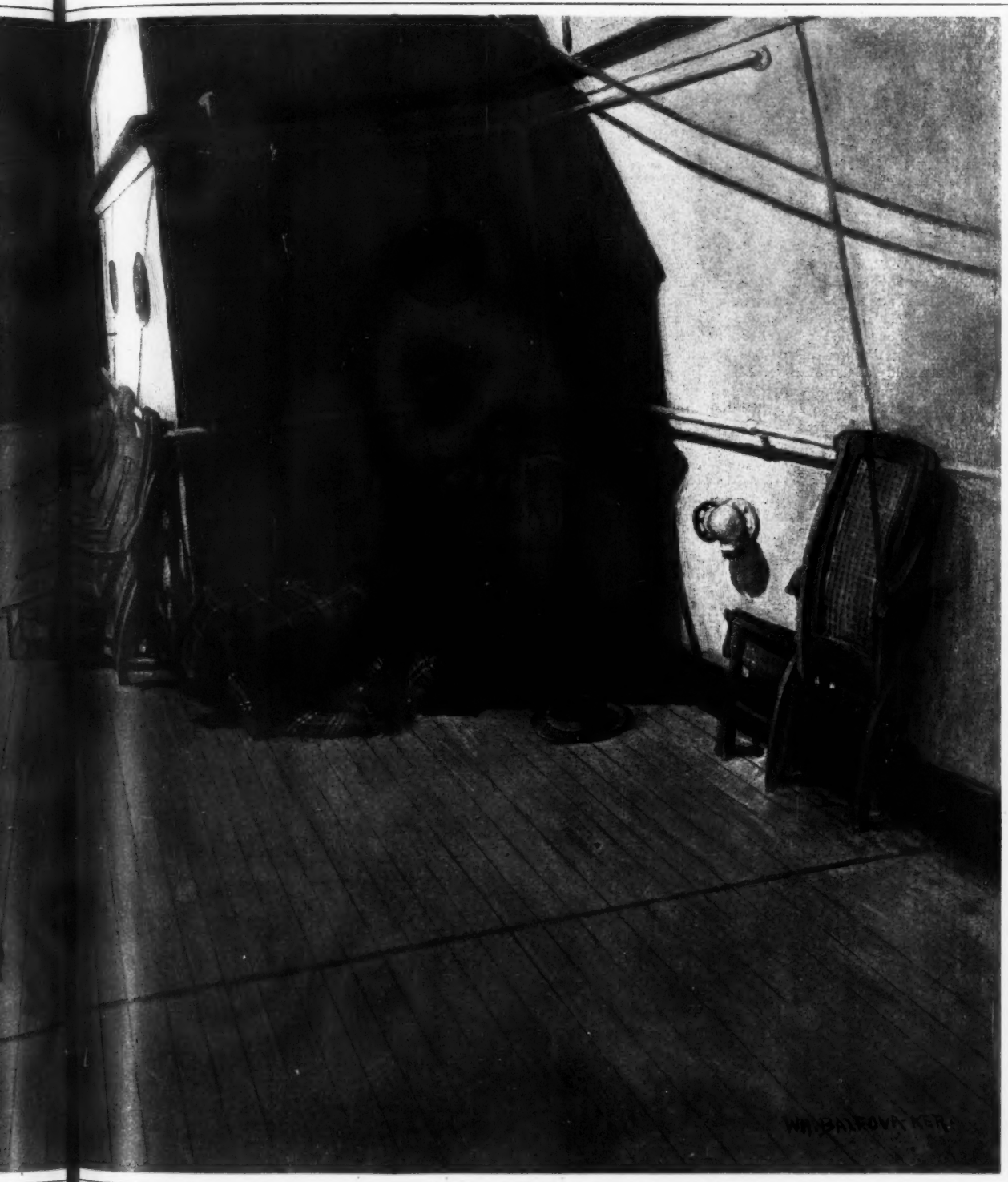
"I BEG YOUR PARDON, YOUNG-MAN, BUT WOULD YOU MIND LETTING HELEN GO TO BED AND HAVING ME SIT UP WITH YOU THE REST OF THE NIGHT?"



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THE DOB

·L I E·



THE DOOR.



An Agreeable Bit of Comedy.

IT takes considerable skill to make even the lightest kind of a play out of a light book like "The Man on the Box." Grace Livingston Furniss has done it, however, and there is just enough dramatic texture to the three acts in which she embodies the book to hold the piece together. Made up of improbabilities and impossibilities, one wonders how one could give the slightest credence to the concoction, but during the performance one goes along accepting absurdity after absurdity as though the whole thing were drawn from the fountain of truth. We do not even gag at the spectacle of a New York police magistrate fining the hero thirty-five dollars for reckless driving. In justification of the dramatist, however, it may be said that the reckless driver was not the besotted director of a brewer's truck, or one of the facetious youths who use a delivery wagon as an instrument of mirthful destruction, nor was he a member of the truckmen's or hackmen's union, so perhaps that thirty-five dollar fine may stand as a bit of dramatic satire on the administration of justice in New York.

The play is tenuous, as said before, dwelling on the lighter phases and comedy situations of the story. This is to the credit of the dramatist, for in our fun and sentiment we can stand improbability and absurdity, which in the attempted serious moments of this play border on the ridiculous. In dramatizing a book we suppose there is a necessity for making some use of what the author imagines is the backbone of his offspring, but in the present instance the dramatist is so much more deft in comedy that the terrific complications involved in the sale of the plans of Fort Monroe to the Russian Government might well have been omitted entirely and the piece kept in the sprightly vein of humor afforded



THE STATION-HOUSE SCENE IN "THE MAN ON THE BOX."

by the predicaments of the hero and heroine.

"The Man on the Box" is mostly important for the excellent fitting it gives to the abilities and pleasing personality of Mr. Henry E. Dixey. There is no American comedian who exceeds Mr. Dixey in polish, and he has long been without just the proper medium to display his powers at their best. It is possible that the present part might be strengthened and amplified into an important addition to American stage characters. Carlotta Nillson's successful handling of the light rôle assigned to her was somewhat of a surprise to those who have known her only by her more serious work in "Letty" and "Hedda Gabler." Although handicapped by some peculiarities of tone and delivery, she played the part with unusual artistic discretion and made some points tell which with less skillful handling would have been overlooked. The remainder of the cast was rather ordinary, in one or two cases positively bad.

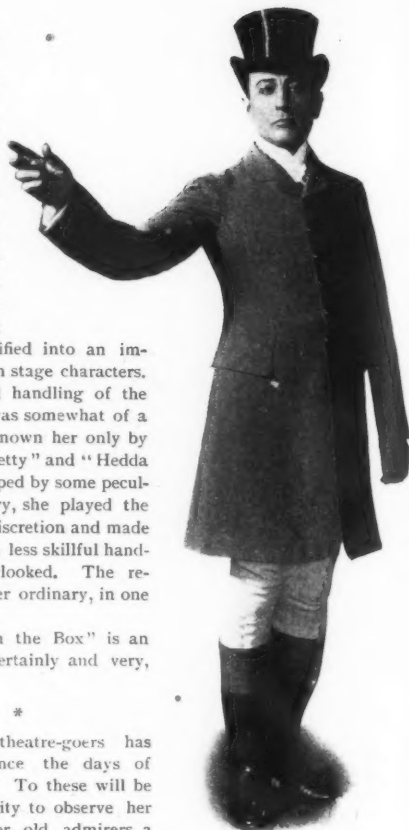
Altogether "The Man on the Box" is an amusing trifle, innocuous certainly and very, very cheerful.

A GENERATION of theatre-goers has come into being since the days of Mme. Modjeska's triumphs. To these will be given this season opportunity to observe her artistic methods, and to her old admirers a renewal of the pleasures of other days. Her return to the stage is to be a short one but her tour will include most of the principal cities.

OUR old enemy, the cheap and nasty theatre programme, is still in evidence. The public is so accustomed to having the last possible cent extracted from its pockets by the theatres that it has tolerated this petty larceny along with the other nuisances which yield a revenue to the managers. This season's programmes are the same typographical monstrosities, printed on the same cheap paper, with the same hand-staining and glove-destroying ink, and with the information about the play and players carefully scattered and concealed in the usual mass of advertisements of bad champagnes, cheap restaurants and form-improvers. One of these advertisements recently thrust in the faces of New York's theatre-goers was an especially disgusting description of the workings in detail of a quack medicine.

It is to be hoped that when the independent managers get full control of their theatres, they will put the whole matter of programmes on a different basis from that existing under the Trust.

MRS. CARTER'S reappearance in "Zaza" confirms the belief that this is the part which in all her repertory best fits her abilities. In it she is credible from start to finish. *Zaza* is more human and less fantastic than either *Du Barry* or *Adrea*, and it is certainly more creditable from the truly artistic point of view to portray faithfully really human qualities than to be heroic in artificial creations of the author's brain. Humanity counts on and off the stage, and *Zaza*, little as she may be admirable, is at



MR. DIXEY IN "THE MAN ON THE BOX."

least a human creature with feelings and emotions akin to our own. These Mrs. Carter brings into very graphic being, and in this rôle there is no denying her power of depiction. The indefatigable Mr. Belasco is now laying the keel of a new play for Mrs. Carter, in which she is to appear in surroundings entirely different from any he has yet provided for her.

* * *

OUR erratic friend, the New York *Herald*, does most remarkable things in a journalistic way, especially in dealing with the theatre and things pertaining to the theatre. It has carefully nourished the fortunes of Mr. Charles Frohman, and points with pride to the fact that it christened him "The Napoleon of the Drama." Sunday, a week ago, it printed among its numerous supplements devoted to different interests one which dealt especially with theatrical matters. It had a large number of more or less interesting, recent and moth-eaten half-tone pictures of artists of both sexes. Also it printed reproductions of the handsome and intellectual faces of the managers of the theatres in New York. Just why this collection should have suggested the Rogues' Gallery to the mind which controls the *Herald* is perhaps difficult to understand, but it is nevertheless true that among them appeared the portrait of Rothschild, the ex-president of the defunct Federal Bank, who is serving a term in the Sing Sing prison. A more remarkable thing is that to this portrait of a convict was attached the name of the *Herald's* ideal manager, Mr. Charles Frohman.

Metcalfe.

An Amusing Dilemma.



DISTRICT ATTORNEY JEROME is in formal nomination for reelection to the office he has filled so creditably for one term, and at present writing the Republican and Democratic organizations are wriggling between the desire to gain the strength which would accrue to their respective tickets by endorsing the nomination, and the equally strong desire to keep out of this important position an individual who may use his official powers in a way that might prove embarrassing to professional politicians.

It's an amusing situation to those on the outside. The politicians hate Judge Jerome because they can't count on him and don't know just what he may do next. At the same time the Tammany machine and the Odell machine would each like to use him to whip the other.

Whether he is endorsed by either of the machines, or both, and no matter who is nominated against him, Judge Jerome is in the fight and the people of



CARLOTTA NILLSON IN "THE MAN ON THE BOX."

New York owe it to themselves to reelect him. His continuance in office is a deterrent influence on the large number of rascals and criminals in this community. All of them, including the insurance get-rich-quickers, will do their best to beat him, and it behooves all the rest of us to see to it that they don't succeed.

The Rule of Club and Fist.

MR. WILLIAM McADOO seems set on impairing his reputation as a useful Police Commissioner. His shielding of the brutal Schmittberger is a disappointment to those who have regarded Mr. McAdoo's selection for his important post as one of the redeeming appointments of Mayor McClellan's first term as Mayor of New York.

Schmittberger is a police inspector, is a graduate of the Captain Aleck Williams's school of police, in which it was taught that a policeman and his club and his fist are above the law, and that the citizen has no rights which a policeman is bound to respect. On this theory a so-called "raid" was recently made on a building in which it was suspected that there was a pool-room.

It has not been denied that entry to the building was forced without a warrant. A number of men found in the building were beaten and clubbed by the policemen under Schmittberger's command, and the furniture and fittings were reduced to a mass of wreckage by the policemen's clubs.

The men belonged to the submerged tenth, and among them may have been criminals. But about even criminals the law is supposed to throw its protection when they are not engaged in crime. So far as the legality of the thing is concerned, Schmittberger and his policemen might equally well have broken into the Union Club and beaten the respectable citizens who ornament its Fifth Avenue windows.

But Schmittberger did only what might have been expected of him, considering his personality and his training. The surprising thing is that Commissioner McAdoo, compelled to it by public indignation, started an investigation, but preceded it by a public announcement which made it apparent that any witness who testified to the occurrences would henceforth be made the object of a police persecution equivalent to banishment from any place where the police can exert their remarkable powers. Naturally there were no witnesses at the hearing, and Schmittberger and his police associates were permitted to tell their own story uncontradicted.

Judge Gaynor has had a good deal to say about the absolute disregard of the police for the safeguards which the law throws about the rights of the citizen to be secure in his person and his property. The attention of Messrs. McAdoo, Schmittberger, *et al.*, is respectfully directed to the sayings and writings of Judge Gaynor.

And incidentally they should remember that Russian police methods are all right in Russia, but that the City of New York is quite a few versts distant from Moscow.

Too Small.

GREAT MAGNATE: What! You want a million! I can give you but one hundred thousand.

COLLEGE PRESIDENT: That won't do. As long as we're going to accept tainted money, we must have enough to pay for the damage to our reputation.



SNAPSHOTS FROM OUR AIRSHIP.

THE SHAM BATTLE.



This Bubble World.

THE odd thing is that the American is inclined to hoot at *Punch*, which as a collection of humor has beaten us in every way for fifty years.—*Atlantic Monthly*.

Surviving readers of the *Atlantic* knew she was somewhat behind the procession—but not fifty years. Wake up, Sister!

And Francis Hendricks is still Superintendent of Insurance and Gottfried Welti goes to jail for stealing a \$2.32 premium.—*New York World*.

That's where Hendricks is smarter than Welti. He knows what boys to play with—clean little boys like Harriman, Depew and McCall.

It is now considered absolutely necessary to spend a short time at the Hot Springs between leaving the summer resorts and getting one's city house in order, or in resting after a succession of house parties at one's own country place.—*New York Herald*.

Necessary for what? The poor on the East Side would like further particulars.

Cornelius A. Jackson, a towerman at Fifty-third Street and Ninth Avenue, and Paul Kelly, a motorman, were yesterday held responsible by a Coroner's jury for the disaster on September 11, at that point on the "L" road, in which twelve persons lost their lives.—*Daily Paper*.

Our congratulations to the President, Superintendent and all the higher officers of the road, who were in no way responsible.

Yale claims Chauncey Mitchell Depew.—*New York World*.

So does the Equitable.

Four hours later, he broke down, and in a flood of tears told the complete story of his crime.—*New York Herald*.

But who was it? Harriman? Loomis? Morton? Ryan? Hendricks?

But the record in family numbers is believed to belong to Scotland. It is that of a Scotch weaver in the seventeenth century, whose wife bore him sixty-two children.—*New York Globe*.

Pooh! LIFE has two hundred children every fortnight—at his farm.

A practical politician is one who can induce

the other man to put up the expense of the campaign.—*Atlanta Journal*.

We grow mercenary. The next thing we shall hear it said that a practical Christian is one who makes the other Christians pay.

The government (of Russia) is having a square mile of ground surrounded with a spiked iron fence, where the Czar may exercise in safety.—*London Daily Mail*.

Millions for de fence, but not one cent for tribute!

M. Emile Yung of Geneva finds that there are only 100,000 ants in the largest hills, instead of 500,000, as estimated by M. Forel and Sir John Lubbock. M. Yung ingeniously suffocated all the ants in a great hill with carbonate of sulphur and afterwards counted them.—*Paris l'Illustration*.

Well, what are ants for, if not to serve the purposes, however trifling, of

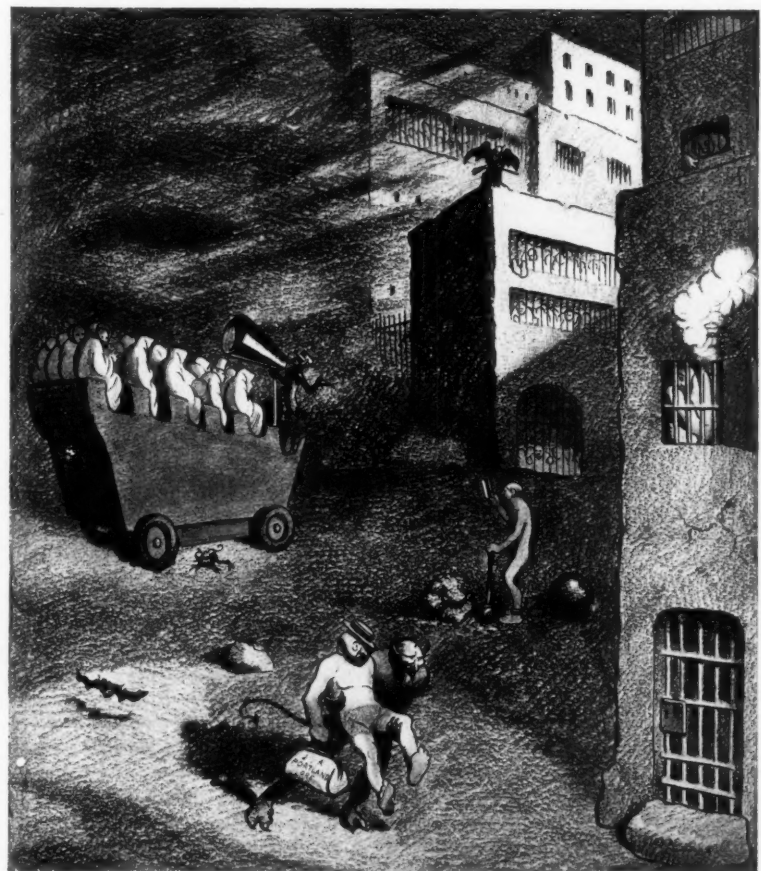
man, who alone is created in the image of his Creator?

People taint themselves for money, but the money isn't tainted. Even if it were, it would take off the taint to apply it to a good purpose.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

A stolen horse is never anything else than a stolen horse, until its rightful owner is made good, but, of course, philanthropists in our day mostly don't steal horses.

A North Carolina Baptist preacher declares that some men would not attend church if the preacher should stock the baptistry with speckled trout and give them the privilege to fish.—*Houston Post*.

This would afford no opportunity to lie about the number and size of the fish caught. There is justice in all things.



SNAPSHOTS IN HADES.

Megaphone Orator: THIS LARGE OVERCROWDED BUILDING IS THE HADES JAIL—OCCUPIED BY PEOPLE WHO SHOULD HAVE BEEN IN JAIL ON EARTH BUT WERE NEVER FOUND OUT.

His Trouble.

HIS trouble was a winsome maid
Compact of witcheries and wiles;
She, like an April sky, displayed
Now cloudy frowns, now dazzling smiles.

How dealt he with this vexing case?
Wisely he acted out his part;—
With outer and with inner grace
He hugged his trouble to his heart.

Sennett Stephens.



HOWARD OVERING STURGIS, his pen dipped in a pungent mixture of acid and syrup, has drawn, in *Belchamber*, a picture of one section of English society which is a striking bit of pessimistic realism. In the entire pitiful and astonishing history there is not a personage, from the sensitive and crippled peer who unwillingly moves as its central figure to the least considered hanger-on of his selfish and worldly entourage, that is not convincingly in character, or in regard to any of whose actions one can say "I don't believe." And the fact that the author is often clever but seldom cynical, and that if he makes no concessions to the demands of the sentimental he shows no trace of either bitterness or animus, adds in no small measure to the force of his work and to the biographical illusion of his story—a story which can no more fail to interest the student of human nature than to repel the admirers of euphemistic fiction.

Quite at the other end of the emotional spectrum, up indeed in the violet rays of sentiment and pathos, we find Katherine M. C. Meredith's story of *The Wing of Love*, a story for those who have both tears and smiles to give easily and who enjoy the giving; a story where a little girl in a garret room holds in her unconscious fingers the threads of an idyl of love and death.

Mr. Herbert K. Job, ornithologist, photographer and writer, is one of the few amateur naturalists who does not pack a long bow with his other paraphernalia when he starts for the wilderness. He is also lacking in that gift of the imagination which enables some of his confrères to construct a sort of ante-bellum Virginia manorial life on the basis of a bird's nest. But he is an enthusiastic and persistent worker and writes a very graphic account of his labors, and his description of his expeditions in the Everglades of Florida and to the bird islands of the northern coast in *Wild Wings* makes an interesting and handsome volume.

Octave Thanet's *The Man of the Hour* is a striking illustration of the fact that the veteran writer of short stories who undertakes a novel is apt to lack concentration—

is apt, that is to say, to be so carried away by the opportunity of putting everything in that he leaves nothing out. *The Man of the Hour* is an emotional labor-problem novel, the hero of which is the son of a hard-headed American manufacturer and of a visionary Russian Socialist, his conflicting hereditary impulses furnishing the basis of the story. There is a popular romance imbedded in the book, but one has to dig for it.

The botanical handbook prepared by Maude Gridley Peterson under the title of *How to Know Wild Fruits*, in spite of one or two rather radical shortcomings, fills, at least temporarily, an inconvenient gap in the line of wild-flower field books and guides. The volume's chief faults are the needless technicality of its language, which at times is positively esoteric, and the fact that out of some two hundred descriptions only eighty are illustrated. Nevertheless, as a reference book supplemental to, say, Matthews's *Field Book of American Wild Flowers*, it will often be found useful during the later months of the season.

After the Divorce, a novel of Sardinian peasant life from the Italian of Grazia Deledda, is one of the many works of foreign fiction, the special inducement for whose rendering into English disappears in the process of translation. It is like a book by Mary E. Wilkins done into French. It is evidently a good study of local types and local custom, but scarcely broadly human enough to become a cosmopolitan.



"HOW DO YOU LIKE YOUR NEW CURATE? DOES HE COME OF GOOD FAMILY?"

"VERY—HIS FATHER WAS A PUG, AND HIS MOTHER COMES FROM A LONG LINE OF ARISTOCRATIC DACHSHUNDS."



The Clergyman: MY LITTLE MAN, DO YOU GO TO CHURCH EVERY SUNDAY?
Bobbie: YES, SIR. I'M NOT OLD ENOUGH YET TO STAY AWAY.

Partners of the Tide is a new long-shore story by Joseph C. Lincoln, who wrote *Cap'n Eri*, and who, so far as construction is concerned, has improved his work in the new book. This is a Cape Cod yarn, with plenty of good

sentiment and excitement and a local atmosphere of old maids and dried codfish.

J. B. Kerfoot.

Belchamber. By Howard Overing Sturgis.
 (G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.)
The Wing of Love. By Katherine M. C. Mere-

dith. (McClure, Phillips and Company.)

Wild Wings. By Herbert K. Job.
 (Houghton, Mifflin and Company. \$3.00.)

The Man of the Hour. By Octave Thane. (The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. \$1.50.)

How to Know Wild Fruits. By Maude Gridley Peterson. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.)

After the Divorce. From the Italian of Grazia Deledda. (Henry Holt and Company. \$1.50.)

Partners of the Tide. By Joseph C. Lincoln. (A. S. Barnes and Company. \$1.50.)

Consumptives.

THE great specifics for consumption nowadays are good out-of-door air, and food. These simple remedies work many cures. Saranac Lake in the Adirondacks offers as good air as the Eastern air market affords, and (as is well known) is one of the places to which people in pulmonary trouble resort. There are lots of people there all the time waiting for the clean air to cure them. It is tiresome waiting, and some of them need to be amused. They get well quicker if they find life entertaining. Some friends of humanity are trying to provide that Saranac Lake shall be a pleasanter refuge for the invalids who go there. Their plan includes reading-rooms, Tatlock social clubs, friendly visits to the sick, and other practical measures adapted to make invalids want to get well. Mr. William Tatlock, an old resident of Saranac Lake and a doer of good there, has this matter in charge. Dr. E. L. Trudeau and other leading residents cooperate with him. We commend his efforts to our friends' attention.

"The Latest Books."

The Masquerader. By Chauncey Depew.
A Fool's Errand. By Francis Loomis.
You Never Can Tell. By Geo. W. Perkins.
Three Men in a Boat. By Hyde, Alexander and McCall.
The Coming of the Tide. By Jerome.
A Corner in Women. By Joseph Smith.
The Call of the Wild. By Lawson.



EPITAPH ON A COOK.

Ah, Bridget, here is our revenge,
We have no doubt 'twould make you grieve;
Beneath this monument you dwell—
The only place you cannot leave.

—New York Sun.

FLESH AND BLOOD.

"Every now and then," he remarked from his tilted chair behind the cold stove in the livery stable office, "somebody comes to me and tells me that the automobile will drive the horse to the wall as sure as shooting, and I pity him because he knows so little about human nature. The horse'll be driven out by automobiles about the time that babies are driven out by sawdust dolls, and not much before.

"Do you remember two or three weeks ago when Sadie Mac had to quit for good in the Charter Oak stake at Hartford? Reeled and laid down like a tired child, as one writer put it. People were sorry from Maine to California. Every paper had an obituary on her, and some gave her editorials. Wreck a racing car, the fastest ever built, and how many mourners would there be? The owner, maybe, if he escaped with his life. Yet Sadie Mac was only an undersized mare—doing her best and doing it better than anything that's trotted in her class this year, it's true, but nothing more than a mare. What's the difference? All the difference in the world. The difference between the living and the dead; between the game, resolute, do-or-die spirit that compels admiration and the inanimate machine that doesn't. Take a clock that has stopped forever, even a faithful clock, and you can't wring a tear out of the children with a force pump; but they'll cry as if their hearts were broken over a white mouse or a pet kitten or a St. Bernard that's passed on to the animal heaven. The steam engine and the trolley haven't put horses out of commission and the automobile won't; still, I hope for their sake that it'll take a few of them out of the hands of the brutal and ignorant who don't know how to use them."—Providence Journal.

NOT THE ONE.

Commenting on the number of Joneses in Wales, a writer says: "It is inconvenient if, when a foreman calls 'Jones!' forty or fifty men come running to him." It recalls the old story told of a certain Oxford College much resorted to by Welshmen. A man from another college went into their quad in search of a friend, and called "Jones!" All the windows looking on the quad flew open. "I want John Jones," said the man. Half the windows closed. "I mean the John Jones who has got a toothbrush." All the windows closed but one.—London Globe.



FROM A NOVEL.

"AS HE READ THE AWFUL NEWS SHE TURNED A LITTLE PALE."

PLEASANT PROSPECT.

The following notice was tacked on the wall in the vestry of the Bethesda Methodist Colored Church in a Southern city:

"There will be a picnic of this society in Green Grove next Friday, beginning at nine A. M. in the morning. Good behavior is requested from young and old, and nothing will be left undone which would tend to mar the pleasure of the company."—Lippincott's Magazine.

AN ORDER MISTIMED.

A celebrated Continental specialist to whom time was literally money and who was possessed of a fiery temper made it a rule that all patients should undress before entering his consulting room so as not to waste any of his valuable time. One day a meek-looking little man entered with all his clothes on. "What do you mean by coming in like that?" said the doctor, in a rage. "Go and strip at once!"

"But I—" faltered the man.

"I tell you I've no time to waste," yelled the doctor, and the poor man left the room in haste. When his turn came he re-entered the room. "Now, then," said the doctor, "that's better. What can I do for you?"

"I called to collect your subscription for the benevolent society."—The Tatler.

OVER THE ENTRANCE.

One of the morning papers tells a good story of Dr. Jowett, the Master of Balliol. An Oxford undergraduate was expatiating to him on the merits of the typical French novel. After listening in silence for a while, the master asked, "What sentence is written above the entrance to hell?"

"Abandon hope, all ye that enter here," replied the other.

"No," said Jowett. "It is 'Ici on parle Français.'"—London Globe.

"GETTING ON."

Grandfather Durgan is ninety-two years old. One summer day he took his youngest great-grandson out to the orchard to investigate the August sweets. As the old man bit into an apple he seemed hesitant and thoughtful.

"What's the matter, grandpa?" asked the boy.

"It jest occurred to me," said grandpa, "that my teeth ain't jest what they used to be. I must be gettin' on. Now if I was sure I'd live to be an old man, so's 'twould be a payin' investment, I believe I'd go and git me some false ones made."—Youth's Companion.

The London Globe states that General Svetlov recently ordered all the Tatars in the Baku district to come in and deliver their arms on a certain day. At the appointed time two rusty daggers and a Waterbury watch were turned in.

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The Solution of How
Best to Maintain the Store
of Energy laid up during
vacation time is found in

**Evans'
Ale**

It adds to the good work
of Nature and brings
lasting benefits.

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**ESTERBROOK'S
Steel Pens**

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The Best Pens Made



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APPEAL TO THE CULTIVATED TASTE OF INTELLIGENT JUDGES AMONG GENTLEMEN WHO HAVE THE LEISURE AND THE DISPOSITION TO DISCRIMINATE AND SELECT.

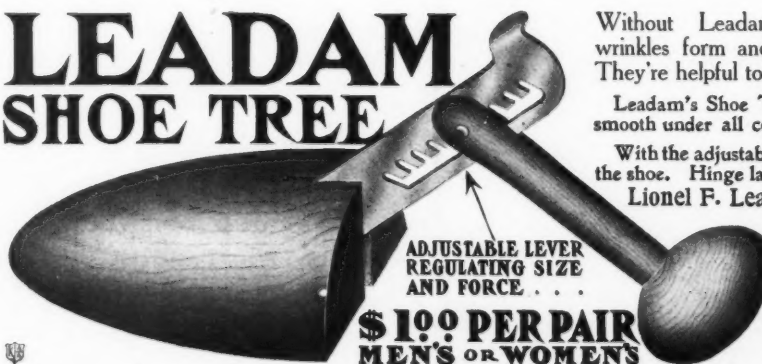
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LEADAM SHOE TREE



Without Leadam Trees—shoes "toe-up"—awkward wrinkles form and wet leathers dry out hard and unsightly. They're helpful to perspiring feet, too.

Leadam's Shoe Trees keep your footwear full, shapely and smooth under all conditions.

With the adjustable leverage the tree locks itself into position in the shoe. Hinge lasts are cumbersome and bad substitutes.

Lionel F. Leadam, 229 Central Ave., Newark, N. J.

Sold in New York at J. & J. Slater, Frank Bros., Cammeyer, Stern Bros., Rogers Peet & Co., Wm. McClenahan & Co., A. Alexander, H. Jantzen, B. Altman, L. Rosenthal & Son, R. H. Macy & Co., Saks & Co., Hanan & Son, N. A. Paul & Co. and others. In **Phila.**: H. Steigerwalt and others. In **Boston**: H. H. Tuttle Co. and others. In **Chicago**: Marshall Field & Co. In **Washington**: B. Rich & Sons. In **Balto.**: N. Hess's Sons, Inc.

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES

IN THE "B" CLASS.

Mary had a swarm of bees,
And they, to save their lives,
Must go wherever Mary went—
'Cause Mary had the hives.
—Saturday Evening Post.

THE LATEST SHADE: When on earth I was an automobilist.

HIS SATANIC MAJESTY: Ah! then please be kind enough to crawl under that furnace and see what's the matter with the grate; it seems to be kinked up.—*Milwaukee Wisconsin.*

IN a pinch, use Allen's Foot-Ease.

A NONENTITY.

"Beg pardon, but are you a waiter?"

"No."

"Private detective?"

"No."

"Not a guest?"

"No."

"What are you, then?"

"Oh, I'm only the man who is giving the party."

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON.

The ideal hotel of America for permanent and transient guests.

MRS. BACKMEDDERS: What's them numbers on the automobile fer, Hiram?

MR. BACKMEDDERS: Why, that's the feller's score. It shows how many folks he's run over.—*Chicago Daily News.*

THE SOUTH FOR HOSPITALITY: The Manor, Asheville, North Carolina, is the best inn South. *Booklet.*

HIS SCHEME.

"Gaddie certainly is stuck on himself."

"Oh! I don't know. He's always running himself down."

"Of course; that's the only way he can keep on talking about himself and get people to listen to him."—*Philadelphia Press.*

EXTRAORDINARY things happen at the other end of the telegraph wire. A story, for instance, comes from a small town in Minnesota about lightning striking an electric automobile whose batteries had run out. The stroke recharged the batteries and the occupants of the machine ran it home!—*New York Tribune.*

THE new Parker game "Block" is played with a special pack of cards containing five suits. It possesses all the delights of the building-up principle of "Fan-Tan" in combination with the use of Block cards, which are used to block the building of a sequence, thus preventing the opponent from getting rid of more cards, and giving the lead to the player "blocking." It is a good game, and good fun!

A COMPOSITE.

RASTUS: What is yo' idea ob heaven?

EPHRAIM: A place whar de animals hab de body ob a melon, de laigs ob a 'possum, an' de wings ob a chicken.—*New York Sun.*

IN THE SERVANTS' HALL.

FIRST BUTLER: Are these cigars imported?

SECOND BUTLER: No, extracted.—Translated for "Tales" from *Fliegende Blaetter.*

DOCTOR (to Mrs. Perkins, whose husband is ill): Has he had any lucid intervals?

MRS. PERKINS (with dignity): 'E's 'ad nothing except what you ordered, doctor.—*Kansas City Independent.*

"When you do drink, drink Trimble"

"Let us drink to the health of the bride,
Let us drink to the health of the groom;
Let us drink to the Parson who tied
And to every guest in the room!"

Trimble
Whiskey
Green Label.

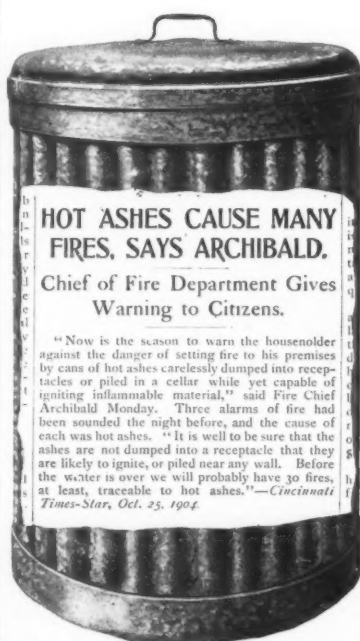
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A LONG SHOREMAN.



Witt's
Corrugated
Can

The only safe can to have in your cellar for furnace ashes.

Absolutely fire-proof—made of corrugated steel, close-fitting lid. Bottom of can is above the floor; rests on rim only.

The only "good looking" ash or garbage can—galvanized inside and out.

Witt's Pail for ashes, garbage and general household use. Easy to carry. Two sizes: 5 and 7 gal.

Ask your dealer for "Witt's."

("Witt's Can" stamped in lid and bottom.)

THREE SIZES: No. 1—15½x25 in., No. 2—18x25 in., No. 3—20½x25 in.

If not on sale in your town, write us stating size and how many you want, and tell us your dealer's name. We will see that you are supplied either direct from us or through dealer. Our dealers tell us that while Witt's Cans and Pails are sold on approval, not one has ever been returned by the purchaser. This is certainly a guarantee of satisfaction. THE WITT CORNICIE CO., Dept. B, Cincinnati, O

· LIFE ·

That Terrible Wolf.

"YES," said the traveler, "I had some exciting experiences in Russia. Perhaps the worst affair happened one night when, ten miles from my home, I discovered my sleigh was being followed by a pack of hungry wolves. I fired blindly into the pack, killing one of the wolves. To my relief, the others stopped to devour him, and in this way I was able to gain on them. But soon they were on my scent again, and again I fired, with the same result. I kept on repeating this, until finally there was only one fierce wolf following my sleigh, with hungry eyes fixed on me in anticipation of the supper he was going to make off me."

The friend who had listened thus far to the thrilling story interjected a laugh and said, "Why, man, according to my reckoning, that last wolf must have had all the other wolves inside of him."

The answer came reluctantly and seriously, "Well, yes, now you mention it, that last wolf did wobble a bit."—*Tit-Bits*.

A Full Stop.

A RETURNED traveler who spent half of his holiday in a tour of Ireland brought back a sample of the happy-go-lucky wit of the Irish "jarvey," or driver. In a breakneck race down a hill he suddenly realized that the spirited little Irish mare was running away.

"Pull her up!" he shouted, excitedly.

"Hold tight, your honor," returned the jarvey, easily.

"Pull her up!" again commanded the traveler, making a grab for the reins.

"For your life don't touch the reins," the jarvey answered, without tightening his grip. "Sure, they're as rotten as pears."

The traveler made ready to jump, but the jarvey laid a soothing hand on his shoulder.

"Sit easy," he said, reassuringly, "I'll turn her into the river at the bridge below here. Sure, that'll stop her."—*Youth's Companion*.

A Turn-down.

"HERE y' are! Extry!" yelled the newsboy. "Big accident!"

"What was the accident, boy?" asked Kloseman.

"Why, de accident wuz dat anudder stingy cuss like you onct found out de news frum me widout buyin' a paper."—*Philadelphia Press*.

"NECESSITY," remarked the man with the chronic quotation habit, "is the mother of invention."

"There's where you've got a flat tire," said the contrary person. "Invention is the parent of necessity."

"How do you figure that out?"

"Well, take the pneumatic tire, for example. There was no necessity for it until after it was invented."—*San Francisco News Letter*.

Underberg

BOONEKAMP

Bitters

Enjoyable
as a
Cocktail
and better for you.

At Hotels,
Clubs,
Restaurants,
Grocers, etc



Bottled only by
H. Underberg Albrecht,
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The Best Bitter Liqueur

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A wholesome nip, with an aristocratic flavor



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A
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ITS
QUALITY
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ITS
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LIQUEUR PÈRES CHARTREUX

—GREEN AND YELLOW—

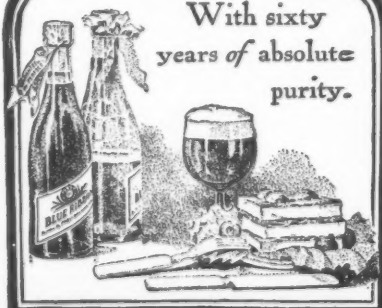
THIS FAMOUS CORDIAL, NOW MADE AT TARRAGONA, SPAIN, WAS FOR CENTURIES DISTILLED BY THE CARTHUSIAN MONKS (PÈRES CHARTREUX) AT THE MONASTERY OF LA GRANDE CHARTREUSE, FRANCE, AND KNOWN THROUGHOUT THE WORLD AS CHARTREUSE. THE ABOVE CUT REPRESENTS THE BOTTLE AND LABEL EMPLOYED IN THE PUTTING UP OF THE ARTICLE SINCE THE MONKS' EXPULSION FROM FRANCE, AND IT IS NOW KNOWN AS LIQUEUR PÈRES CHARTREUX (THE MONKS, HOWEVER, STILL RETAIN THE RIGHT TO USE THE OLD BOTTLE AND LABEL, AS WELL), DISTILLED BY THE SAME ORDER OF MONKS WHO HAVE SECURELY GUARDED THE SECRET OF ITS MANUFACTURE FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS AND WHO ALONE POSSESS A KNOWLEDGE OF THE ELEMENTS OF THIS DELICIOUS NECTAR.

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The Beer of Quality

With sixty
years of absolute
purity.



The Diary of Mister Noah.

Feb. 17.—Started work. Trouble with Mrs. Noah from the very first jump. Always the way. She wants a door in the back end of the ark. I stand firm for a window. I shall not give in.

Feb. 18.—Compromised—on a door.

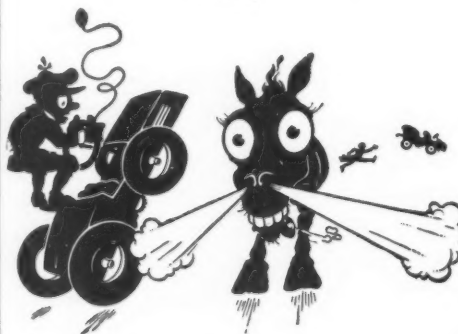
Feb. 23.—More trouble. Walking delegate of the building trades came around and ordered all hands off the job; said one of the caulkers didn't have a union card. A few of the animals had arrived. They're out on a sympathetic strike.

Feb. 24.—Had private interview with walking delegate. Strike called off. Find walking delegates get more expensive every year.

Feb. 26.—Another interruption. Solicitor for "Scads and Scandals" dropped in this morning. Wanted five talents for a write-up. Told him to go to. Then he asked insinuatingly if I hadn't been leading a double life. Told him only once. That was when I ate too many green peaches. Just getting ready to kick him off the premises when he mentioned Certain Little Matter; said it would make spicy reading in next issue of *Village Venom*. Had forgotten all about Certain Little Matter. Decided not to kick solicitor. Also decided to pay five talents for write-up.

March 16.—Animals coming in. Two hippopotamuses and one pair of red ants arrived this afternoon.

March 20.—Found a fresh egg in the dodo-bird's



THE PASSING OF THE HORSE.

AN AUTOMOBILIOUS NIGHTMARE.

nest. Hen dodo said she was laying up something for a rainy day. Have an idea this saying will live.

April 8.—Weather Bureau predicts a dry spring. Friends tell me it's foolish to be figuring on so much rain. Query—Can it be possible I'm on the wrong steer?

April 9.—Fair and warmer. My private forecast calls for storms to-morrow. Feel mighty dubious. If schedule goes wrong Mrs. Noah will never let us hear end of it.

April 10.—6:30 A. M.—Clear weather. Feel more dubious. 11 A. M.—Clouding up to windward. Easier in my mind. 4:30 P. M.—Brisk showers since noon. Tra la la!

April 11.—Still raining. I guess maybe I ain't the real thing?

April 20.—Steady rains since last report. Roof of the weather observatory under water. Weather observatory issued its last bulletin this morning. It read as follows: "Continued fair weather."

April 21.—Everything under water. Our party apparently the only survivors. All of wife's relatives lost. It's an ill wind, &c.

April 22.—Cruising south to-day we sighted the oldest citizen on top of the Park row building flagstaff. Seemed to be out of his head. As we drew alongside I heard him saying, "Talking about your early spring freshets, you may think this is purty wet, but I remember how in the year .0058—" Just then a streak of lightning hit him, and he shrivelled up like a spider in a hot skillet.

April 23.—Shem reports several additions to the red ant family. Cute little cusses, Shem says.

April 24.—No change in the weather. Spent the day reading Mary Jane Holmes's "Tempest and Sun-



"No one who smokes

SURBRUG'S ARCADIA MIXTURE

could ever attempt to describe
its delights."

Why?

The Tobaccos are all aged; thoroughly seasoned.

Age improves flavor; adds mildness; prevents biting.

In the blending, seven countries, from Latakia to America, are called upon.

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CLARK'S CRUISE TO THE ORIENT
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EXCURSIONS, HOTELS, DRIVES, FEES AND ALL NECESSARY EXPENSES
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I. To the West Indies and Nassau, leaving New York January 15th. Duration 19 days; cost \$125.00 and upward. II. To the West Indies, The Spanish Main and Nassau, leaving New York February 6th. Duration 26 days; cost \$175.00 and upward. III. To the West Indies and Nassau, leaving New York March 8th. Duration 23 days; cost \$150.00 and upward.

To the Orient and Holy Land

by the luxurious *S. S. Moltke* on a 76-day cruise, leaving New York January 30, 1906. Ports of call in Madeira, Spain, Gibraltar, Algeria, Italy, France, Sicily, Malta, Egypt, the Holy Land, Turkey and Greece. Ample time allowed at each port for extensive shore trips. Cost of Cruise \$300 and upward.

Attractive short cruises in the Mediterranean and Adriatic Seas, and to Egypt and the Holy Land by the new twin-screw cruising steamer *Meteor* during October, November, January, February and March. These cruises vary in duration from 14 to 33 days and cost from \$75 upward. Detailed information, itineraries and beautifully illustrated booklets will be sent promptly to any address upon application to the

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WITH IMPERIAL VARIETY CIRCUS

and "THE RAIDERS"

DAILY MATINEES

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shine." Appropriate, but pretty thin stuff for a grown man.

April 25.—Amateur minstrels last night. I was the middle man. Japhet got off a dandy; asked me, "When is a door not a door?" Answer, "When it's ajar." A jar, see? Made a hit, but seems to me I've heard it somewhere before. Mighty few new jokes nowadays. Japhet made a first-class actor, but his brother was a Ham.

April 26.—More red ants. All race suicide bets are off on the red ants.

April 28.—Wife objects to my smoking on board. Says a pipe smells up the whole place. I positively refused to quit. Wife getting entirely too bossy since she took up with new woman idea.

April 29.—No sleep. Wife fussed all night. 2 P. M.—Decided to give up smoking in the ark. Think maybe it affects my heart, anyhow.

April 30.—Who said the leopard couldn't change his spots? It's always changing 'em—most restless brute on board. Says the red ants bother him. General complaint on this score. And not a speck of insect powder on board. And no ant-eater!

May 1.—Only time I ever remember the first of the month without a lot of bill collectors around. Silver linings to these clouds all right.

May 6.—Row to-day. Shem's wife started it, trying to do burnt-wood designs on the elephant. Advised her to work on the red ants in the icebox. There's about 2,000,000 of 'em that we could spare and still have plenty.

May 8.—Forgot to say that it's never missed a day raining. Rain business beginning to be overdone, according to my notion. Nothing else happening.

May 15.—Fierce storm. Everybody seasick. I stood it for a while, but after dinner I gave up, too. Compelled to batten down the hatches in the afternoon. All hands thrown together informally and nobody appeared to hold anything back. Humpty Jackson, the camel, seemed worse off than anybody. Honestly, at times I thought that camel was trying to turn himself inside out. I told him if he tasted anything slick in his throat to swallow it back quick; it would be his liver. Calmer toward evening. Memo.—In my magazine article on the voyage shall head this chapter, "And the Ark Was Pitched Within and Without."

May 16.—Reading up on natural history, I find the camel has seven stomachs. No wonder Humpty Jackson suffered yesterday. Look how I felt, and me with only one.

May 20.—Hurrah! Clearing up at last. Sun out to-day for about five minutes. Shem went to bed suffering from nervous prostration, and Ham has his job—boss of the red ant department. Ham says it's the hardest work he ever tackled.

May 22.—Water going down. I'm afraid we're in for a malarial summer, even after the roads dry off.

May 29.—Sent out the raven to-day to find a real estate agent if possible. Am in the market for a good high, solid location.

June 1.—Nothing doing with the raven. Guess he decided not to come back on account of the ants. Can't blame him—like to get away myself.

June 3.—No raven yet. Sent out the dove. Dove may make a better advance agent for this floating insect emporium. Wife inclined to be snappish—says I ought to have known enough to send out the dove in the first place.

June 6.—Dove back to-day, bringing handbill announcing a bargain sale of dry goods, slightly damaged by water. Mrs. N. and the boys' wives all worked up at the prospect of getting in on it. Dove meant well, I guess, but I can see mighty well his selection of reading matter is going to cost me some money. Shem, Ham and Japhet feel the same way.

June 12.—Landed to-day in swampy section. Don't recognize the country, but it looks to me like parts of Arkansas. Anyway, I'll bet it's a long ways from Broadway.

Aug. 14.—It is Arkansas, but I've got no kick coming. I'd be willing to stay anywhere awhile just to get shut of the red ants.—*New York Evening Sun*.

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See that thy brake break not, lest thou be broken.

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A trained hand is best with a train at hand.

In thy speed, mock not the gentle cow—the cow-catcher may catch thee.

Wiser than his own generation is he who knows his auto.

In the morning slow thy speed, and in the evening withhold thine hand.

None are so fined as those who don't flee.

An auto at speed is a fiend indeed.

Let repentance be thine, if thou be among them who have mistaken "gaol" for "goal."

More discreet is an angel husband than an injured plaintiff; and lo, a widow's heart may be swayed by resilient tires.

To-day thou ridest in thine integrity; to-morrow may discover thee a man of parts.

Where law ends, speed really begins.

Haste makes "chased."

Autos with glass windows should not break bones.

A fool and his tonneau are soon carted.

It is well to know thine auto; yea, also, to know thy chauffeur better.

There's many a nip on an auto trip.

Give not thine auto a name; thy neighbors will name it for thee.

A fair exchange is no garage.

Why raise thine eyes to the weather-cock, when thou hast a nose for the passing auto?

Take care of the pennies, the garage will take care of the dollars.

Pity not thine horse, which can boast both sire and dam; thine auto hath no damn but thine to comfort it.—*Outing.*



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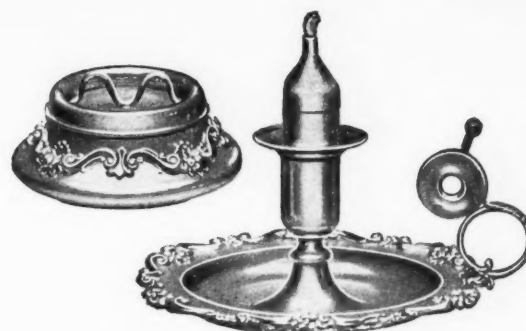
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